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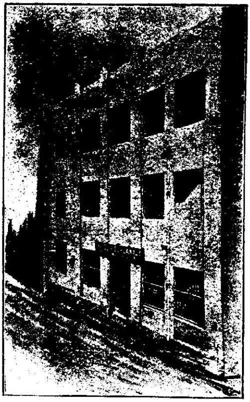

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Statue of J. N. TATA at the Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore.

[*Article on Page 283.*

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THE SCHOLAR

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Vandals

BY NICHOLAS ROERICH

THINGS are beginning to be chaotic and unsettled on this earth. The planet has never been very stable, but at the present moment, there would seem to be, according to reports, a sort of whirlwind of destruction.

From Paris one of our friends writes: "To-day we saw a film, taken in Spain, which showed the destruction caused by air-raids over Barcelona. The effect was very depressing. Immense buildings were cut in two, as if by a knife ; one of these was pulverised, the other still stood with all its rooms open to view and occupied, and one could see the corpses lying everywhere. There was a school which showed how scores of children had been slain, and, on the half-demolished platform, the dead body of the teacher. The Spanish government has arranged an exhibition to show how artistic and historic treasures were destroyed, together with the measures adopted for their preservation. These consist of the exportation of transportable art treasures and the protection of historic monuments by means of sand bags. No doubt you have also read the plan of 'Geneva Refuges' for children and aged people, all of which however is only a palliative. Not long ago, at a banquet of the Institute of Higher International Studies, it was agreed that our Pact would be preferable to such measures, because of its moral and cultural value. At the same time, everyone agreed that its eventual adversaries,

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whom we know by their action in Spain, China and Ethiopia will not hesitate to violate the Pact or the general Convention of the Red Cross."

In Red Cross circles they are quite convinced of this. Thus humanity has, so far, deviated from the principles of culture and civilization that even the Red Cross is beginning to lose its significance.

And here is another letter. "All the strange discussions in matters of defence, which are going on to-day, have nothing in common with our Pact. We are speaking of an international cultural agreement on humanitarian lines while they speak of sand bags".

The idea of burying lofty cathedrals under sandbags is as absurd as to speak of abolishing the Red Cross and wrapping every soldier up in sandbags. The idea of burying national treasures, moreover, has a prehistoric flavour about it. Recently, one of the English ministers, Mr. Eden, foresaw that, in the future, terrified city folk might be obliged to flee to caves and cellars like the troglodytes of old. Let the worldly-minded, then, adopt such primitive methods and bury their treasures.

All this, however, is so far from the spirit of our Pact that it would be a very easy matter to show our priority and the little value such measures have, when compared with a cult for the art tresures of all mankind.

Caricaturists could find matter in these methods, for they might depict a cathedral smothered up to the spires in sand bags, so as to illustrate the biblical warning: "Build not upon the sand."

If humanity is to abandon all its highest principles and stake all its hope on sand bags, then it has come to a very sorry pass.

Everything to-day justifies us and our friends in issuing a call to defend all national treasures. It is said that when the ostrich gets wind of danger it thrusts its head beneath its wing or in the sand. Natural history is full of such examples and we might do worse than study the life of ants and bees who possess superb organization.

In every periodical we look at to-day we come across illustrations of barbarous destruction. Such documents will continue to live as a shameful witness of what has been done by the humanity of our times, although the whole of mankind is, of course, not necessarily engrossed in such destruction. But such acts are being perpetrated before the eyes of all and when we figure the percentage of those who raise their voices to protest, it is not overwhelming. In any street accident you will find four

classes of people around you. Those who make a genuine effort to help ; those who congregate from mere curiosity ; others who draw off in fear and, finally, those who take a pleasure in the misfortunes of others. And with vandalism it is the same. Whether active or passive, they are the same uncultured destroyers. Toleration towards evil differs little from evil itself, and it is high time for humanity to give attention to the passive type of vandal. Before our eyes all sort of destruction is going on, either from the bombs of totalitarian warfare or from human poisoning of one sort or another. It is a question which sort of poison is the more ruinous—that of poison gas, or that which aims at the destruction of culture. In the so-called peaceful communities, anticultural processes are now taking place on a large scale, while people remain silent or crowds are divided as in the case of street accidents. At such times, alas, the number of those who exert themselves on behalf of culture is extremely small, while the crowd of those who are curious or malignant takes on huge proportions.

All these curious or evil-minded people try to excuse their conduct, but they are unwilling to reflect that, in so doing, they range themselves alongside the vandals.

All who evade joining in the defence of culture enlist in the ranks of the passive vandals. In passivity there is always a kind of activity, which can be very dreadful and repulsive with consequences that may bring about the disintegration of an entire nation.

The passive vandal ought not to imagine that his silence has no effect.

On the contrary history exposes not only the active vandal but also those who stood by idly and looked on while torture and destruction was being committed.

How heartless, how cruel are all those who feign deafness and remain silent when they ought to cry out.

We have spoken of defending everything which helps on the evolution of the human race.

Defence is one thing, but aggression is quite another. We have issued a call not to bury ourselves under sand bags but to counteract destruction through the power of thought, of culture.

Traces of culture are being destroyed, obliterated and scattered abroad and, in allowing this, mankind has composed a page of history which will look very black in the future.

The doings of such brutal destroyers and torturers will be recorded together with the fact that a vast portion of humanity connived and assisted in such vandalism.

There are many ways of participating in such crimes. One need not launch a bomb oneself from the airplane ; there are also those who manufacture bombs and invent arms and engines of destruction. One can stand opposed to cultural undertakings and, by destruction or distortion of constructive thoughts, bring on a condition of savagery.

From such premeditated schemes, the dispersal, dismemberment and annihilation of whole groups of accumulated treasures can arise. Everyone who by deed or thought contributes to such destruction must be included with the vandals and plays havoc with the human spirit.

Terrible deeds are going on in the world. Devastating wars are no longer known as wars. The most dire destruction goes by the name of 'change of policy' while the vandals strut round in new uniforms and trappings and look upon themselves as the arbiters of destiny.

Does it matter which way man rushes to fratricide and self destruction ? Perhaps we shall have a new march composed some day for those who proceed towards criminal vandalism.

Yet here is this enormous majority of curious and malicious onlookers, this odious tertius gaudens, who fail to understand that they themselves are furthering all sorts of vandalism.

Toleration in participation is crime.

Man must raise his voice against vandalism.

Astrology in the Mughal Court

By Prof. V. RANGACHARYA, M. A.

IN medieval India there was a close connection between politics and astrology. It is but natural that in the courts of the Hindu kings, among whom astrology was a live science, the astrologer was a prominent figure; but even among the Muhammadans he had an equal, if not greater, influence. The astrologer in fact was a very important institution both in the court of the great Mughal and the palaces of his noblemen. "There is not a great man," says the gossipy Venetian traveller Manucci, "who has not in his house an astrologer, if it be only to know the right hour for leaving his house on any business, even down to when to put on a new cloak. Of this astrologer tribe there are great numbers in the Moghul Kingdom; even the bazars swarm with these folk, and by this means they find out all that passes in the houses. Both Moghuls and the Hindus are so credulous that they put faith in all that these men choose to tell them." (*Manucci*, I, 213). The politician depended on the astrologer for the knowledge of the attitude of the stars towards the fortune of the State; the king consulted him about his own strength; the courtier looked on him as a necessary prophet and friend. The general gave orders for the movement of the troops only if assured by him that the movement of the planets and the conjunction of the stars were favourable and indicative of success. The astrologer was thus the ally of every officer, civil and military. From the emperor to the lowest man in the empire, official or non-official, everybody paid allegiance to the science of the stars and respect to the man who claimed to know it. The activity or inactivity, the enthusiasm or gloominess of the Empire, was not unoften determined by the prognostications of the astrologer. I shall, in this article, give a few curious anecdotes which illustrate the importance of astrology and astrologers in the time of the Great Mughals.

Once Emperor Shahjahan was told by his astrologer, a Hindu, that the position of the dominant planet indicated the approaching death of the greatest person who, for the time being, dealt in the palace, and that His Majesty, therefore, should reside elsewhere till a better conjunction of stars came into existence. Shah jahan, accordingly, appointed the *Kotwal* or the chief police officer as the Governor, and himself set out on a long hunting excursion. Two months elapsed, and the emperor received the information that the *Kotwal* was dead. Immediately he returned

to the fortress and, as Manucci says, made a good deal of the astrologer, and conferred on him very great rewards. The scandal-loving Venetian thinks that the astrologer had, for the sake of his own life, secured the death of the *Kotwal*, through the agency of the victim's physician who was a great friend of his. "For, I have seen many similar cases, and these Hindus, without fear of God and devoid of scruple, do many such-like things out of desire for money." (*Storia do Mogor*, I, 212).

Very often the astrologer was a shrewd man who boldly ventured to prophesy on a basis of expediency or probability. An instance is afforded by the conduct of Bhavanidas, the chief of the large staff of astrologers whom Prince Dara, in his craze for the science of the heavens, maintained. This Bhavanidas was a friend of Niccolao Manucci, whom he valued for his wine. With remarkable audacity, the astrologer wrote on paper that Dara would assuredly be his father's successor on the imperial throne. Manucci asked him in familiar conversation "how he could have had the audacity to sign such a paper, and what excuse he had ready to produce, if it did not happen accordingly. The astrologer laughed long and heartily at my question, and said to me that, if the said prince should come to be king, he would accord to him the greatest credit; if not, the prince would be sufficiently busied in saving his own life, and not likely to have time to seek that of an astrologer." (*Storia do Mogor*, I, 224).

An example of the extraordinary influence which astrologers possessed in shaping the destiny of the Empire is afforded by an event which took place in Bengal immediately before the death of Shahjahan. One day at about eight o'clock, there appeared in a plain near the city of Raj Mahal, the seat of Shah Shuja's court, a great number of cobras, large and small. "They covered the field, and moved from west to east until four o'clock in the afternoon; they looked like ripples in the ocean. In the greatest fright, the inhabitants of the villages climbed upon the tops of their houses and upon trees. They beheld moving in the midst of the said cobras one of great size, which carried on its head another small one, entirely white. They pursued their way without harming any one, many remaining behind in the suburbs of the city and in the villages, and through losing their companions, they died. Hearing of this event Shahjahan asked his astrologers what it meant. They replied that the wickedness of the Empire was taking its departure, and that he would survive for many prosperous years." At the same time, continues Manucci, "Shah Shuja also consulted his astrologers, and they told him that, before much time had passed, there would arise a rebellion in the Empire, and that he would become emperor. The little

cobra carried upon the head of the large one was, they said, the king of the cobras, who had come to the end of his reign, and was thus compelled to leave his old abode. This event caused considerable fear to all people, and it was spoken of in many directions. Both Muhammadans and Christians assured me that it was as the astrologers had divined, and that it must happen as they had said. But in saying that Shah Shuja must become king they went too far. All the same, this may have been the reason for Shah Shuja rising in rebellion against his father." (*Storia do Mogor*, I, 229.)

Very often, the prophecy of an astrologer was bare common sense, and nothing more. A capital illustration of this is seen in Shahjahan's dealings with a Rajaput chief named Champat Bundelah, first a rebel and then a vassal. When he was opposed to the emperor, he refused to pay tribute, and, collecting 60,000 Rajaput horsemen, raised a disturbance in imperial territory, plundered the peaceful population, and committed, to use Manucci's language, a thousand insolent acts. The emperor desired to despatch an army against the formidable rebel; but he himself preferred the pleasures of his harem to assaults on the enemy. The officers were also too much afraid of the valour and resources of Champat. Shahjahan saw that he must go to the field in person. He then called his astrologer, a Hindu, and asked him whether he should go or not, if the Empire was to win. The shrewd astrologer replied that "if he wished to have any good result, he must go in person, otherwise the Rajputs would defeat His Majesty's army". The emperor accordingly left the capital. His presence, it is true, did not bring victory, but when force failed, he resorted to diplomacy—a diplomacy which could not have been possible but for the emperor's presence—and gained the day; and the astrologer must have been amply rewarded.

Astrologers were sometimes of great service to their royal employers. When Aurangzeb and Dara were engaged in their deadly struggle for the throne, a Muhammadan of the Uzbek race who was renowned as a great mathematician and astronomer told Aurangzeb, on the day before the great battle which was to decide his fate, that, according to the influences of the stars dominating the next day, there "existed danger to the life of him who occupied the chief place in the army. Therefore he besought His Majesty not to occupy the place assigned to a king—that is, upon an elephant and covered by an umbrella, as is the usage in this kingdom of the Moghul." (*Storia do Mogor*, I, 341.) In great anxiety Aurangzeb consulted the leaders of his army, as a result of which his old tutor, Shekh Mir by name, offered to seat himself on the royal elephant and represent His Majesty's person. Aurangzeb accepted the offer, and the next day the battle began.

Nobody knew that the royal seat was occupied by another man. Both the clever acting of the loyal teacher and the comparative darkness of the hour—for the battle began before daybreak—prevented detection. When the actual struggle took place, the teacher was shot down by a musket-ball, thereby fulfilling the prophecy of the Uzbek astrologer. The men of course would have been panic-stricken and resorted to flight if they had seen the king, or rather the pseudo-king, mortally struck. But the ingenious device of the king's attendant on the elephant saved the situation and averted the catastrophe. He held the body of the dead man up, and moved its arms this way and that, encouraging the men to come on. The timely deception was a complete success, and the poor attendant, hitherto known by the name of Mir Tagi, got as a reward for his service the eloquent name of Fath-numa, or displayer of victory.

One of the common beliefs among the Hindus in the first decade of the 18th century was that, with Aurangzeb, the line of Timur Tamerlane would end, and give place to a dynasty of Hindu sovereigns. The basis of this theory was an alleged prophecy by a fakir in the time of Timur. Long ago, when Timur was an unknown and obscure lad, he happened to go through his village on his way to the grazing ground of his camels. On the way, goes the story, he met a fakir who cried out that he would make him who would give him food and drink, a great king. Timur, not wanting even then in ambition, hurried home, and brought some food to the fakir. The latter, after satisfying his hunger, said that, in case his young benefactor wanted a crown, he must be prepared to suffer the pain he would inflict upon him. In his greed, Timur offered to do so to any extent, provided the crown was assured him. The fakir then ordered him to throw himself on the ground, covered him with his cloak, and struck him with all his might. He administered eleven blows in this manner, when Timur, unable to endure the pain, rose up and went aside. The saint immediately said that he would soon be a king, but that he would have eleven generations of posterity alone, and that his dynasty would then become extinct. And Aurangzeb was the eleventh. The prophecy, of course, was not literally fulfilled; but it was in a way fulfilled, as Aurangzeb was, in spite of his being succeeded by a succession of rulers, the last man who held real power and a united Empire.

Centenary of J. N. Tata

By NOSHIR S. DOCTOR

BORN at Navsari, on March 3, 1839, exactly a hundred years ago, Jamshedji Nusserwanji Tata was destined to become the pioneer of India's industrial enterprise. He combined ability with character and though greatly daring, remained throughout his life an intensely practical man. He was the architect of his own fortune. To him his wealth was never an end in itself. It was a means to an end, the greater prosperity of India. India in his time was barely on the threshold of industrial development. Yet, Jamshedji Tata, with remarkable prescience and courage, visualised for his country a high place among the commercial nations of the world. With his name are associated some of the greatest industrial ventures of our time. That he should not merely have dreamed but devised these gigantic schemes is a tribute to his vision and foresight.

He had the itch for travel and the passion to see things and learn for himself. As a result of his visit to Lancashire, Jamshedji laid the foundation of the Empress Mills at Nagpur, the first of his independent experiment, which revolutionised the whole cotton industry in India. When he surveyed the almost untilled industrial field of India with the knowledge acquired as the result of hard struggle in the industrial field, Jamshedji Tata came to three main conclusions. They were (1) that no country could become industrially great which did not manufacture iron and steel, (2) that no sustained economic growth was possible without provision in the country itself of the means for winning first class scientific education, and (3) that the prosperity of his own adopted city, Bombay, could not be regarded as secure, so long as it was entirely dependent on coal brought from a distance of 1,300 miles by rail or sea from the remote fields of Bengal. From this realisation sprang three great enterprises with which his name will always be associated. The Iron and Steel Works at Jamshedpur, the Indian Institute of Science at Bangalore, which aims at giving to Indians post-graduate education in science, and the Hydro-Electric schemes, which are making Bombay virtually independent of coal and furnishing it with abundance of cheap, clear power. Unfortunately it was not given to him to see the fruits of his labour, but every one of the projects linked with his name bear the impress of his individual outlook and vigour.

In this brief chronicle it is not possible to deal with every one of J. N. Tata's many ventures. These cover a wide field, and

were of a most varied character. The variety of his experiments is amazing. He was very proud of his city, Bombay. He built the Taj Mahal Hotel, the finest hotel in Asia, and many other splendid structures which stand as monuments to Tata's eagerness to advance Bombay's position and prestige. He also planned schemes for the reclamation of the Back Bay and suburban development around Bombay City.

He also attempted to establish a line of steamships; he investigated the possibility of consigning mangoes to England; he experimented in growing Egyptian cotton in India, well-sinking in Gujarat, fruit farming, sericulture in Mysore and in education. It was Mr. Tata who was responsible for starting the first silk farm in Mysore under the guidance of the Japanese expert, Mr. Odzu.

His experiments in education were both shrewd and bountiful. The J. N. Tata Education Schemes provided a number of brilliant Indian students to prosecute their studies abroad. Mr. Tata was greatly interested in scientific research and completely realised the importance of relating science to industrial enterprise. What can represent his views and ideas in regard to the founding of a Research Institute for India better than his remarkable letter to Swami Vivekananda, that great spiritual giant and warrior monk of India ?

" I trust," says Mr. Tata in his letter to the Swamiji, "You remember me as a fellow traveller on your voyage from Japan to Chicago. I very much recall at this moment your views on the growth of the ascetic spirit in India and the duty not of destroying but of diverting it into useful channels."

" I recall these ideas in connection with my scheme of a Research Institute of Science for India, of which you have doubtless heard or read. It seems to me that no better use can be made of the ascetic spirit than the establishment of monastries or residential halls for men dominated by this spirit, where they should live with ordinary decency and devote their lives to the cultivation of sciences, natural and humanistic. I am of opinion that if such a crusade in favour of an asceticism of this kind were undertaken by a competent leader, it would greatly help asceticism, science and the good name of our common country ; and I know not who would make a more fitting general of such a campaign than Vivekananda. Do you think you would care to apply yourself to the mission of galvanising into life our ancient traditions in this respect ? Perhaps you had better begin with a fiery pamphlet rousing our people in the matter. I should cheerfully defray all the expenses of publication". He devoted the later years of his life in founding a scientific research institute for India. He designed a very ambitious scheme and set

aside 30 lakhs of rupees which were later utilised for the maintenance of the Institute of Science at Bangalore, the fruit of his foresight and planning.

Personally he was one of the most modest of men. He never made any public speeches in his life-time. He opened his heart to his friends and colleagues, but in relation to the public he preferred that his acts alone should speak. It is recorded that only once he made a public utterance and that was when he seconded a motion moved by his friend, Sir Phirozeshah Mehta, in one terse sentence. He had a ready sympathy for all interested in politics and social welfare and held in high esteem the young men of his country.

In all his activities he was essentially an Indian. His was a life devoted to the service of India. He dedicated his great talent and wealth to the service of his country. Jamshedji Tata was a business patriot in the full sense of the term. To-day the great house of Tatas is the best monument to his vision and enterprise and nothing would have pleased him better than the practical shape which his memorial has taken.

Sibylline Women in the Modern World

By CLAUDE BRAGDON

IN that bold and brilliant challenge to modern materialistic thinking, *Tertium Organum*, Ouspensky's chief contentions are the following:

(1) That everything is *consciousness* of some kind or degree.

(2) That the only evolution is the evolution of consciousness.

(3) That the dimensionality of space depends upon the development of consciousness, and that space seems three dimensional only because we are in the third phase of that development—the so-called "age of reason." But because we have already entered upon the fourth phase, which involves the emergence of a new faculty, the intuition, those in whom this is beginning to operate discover that space is four dimensional in other words, they find themselves in what Ouspensky names "the world of the wondrous," and are by way of losing themselves there.

This appears to be the only valid explanation of some of the most baffling social phenomena of modern times. It accounts, as nothing else can, for the growing currency of the phrase, "the fourth dimension," and the popular interest in that subject. It explains also the increasing recognition of the intuition as a valid means of apprehension as stated by Bergson, in *Creative Evolution*. But better than anything else, it accounts for the invasion of consciousness by the mystical, the magical, the so-called irrational, words suggestive of states of being with which the ordinary mind finds itself inadequate to deal, and therefore words of contempt to the purely rational-minded.

It is a generally acknowledged fact that woman is more intuitional than man: so if, as Ouspensky declares, the intuition is the next human faculty to be developed—as the power to reason and to form concepts was the last one—woman occupies at the present time a position of unique, of supreme, importance. She is the index of the coming hour, in Emerson's phrase. But in order to fulfil her new evolutionary function she must first become conscious of it, and man must become conscious of it too. The situation created by this double lack of awareness is clamitous to both, for woman, oppressed by that slave psychology built up through centuries of subservience, either submits to masculine domination in the old way, or she tries to think, and operate as

man does. He on his part, vaguely fearful of that loss of supremacy which he has come to regard as his by natural right, either tightens his ancient tyranny, or else encourages and incites woman to become his "sedulous ape," even to the extent of acquiring his masculine vices—lechery, drinking, smoking, gambling—and by these means he converts her into a hybrid which in the end excites only his loathing. In this way he kills the thing he loves, as is so often the way with man, from Othello and Hamlet to the nameless hero of *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*.

Transcending in importance the present political and economic crises, grave though they be, is this secret impasse which has arisen between so many men and women among whom new faculties accompanied by new perceptions are pressing into life. It is a source of resentment and unhappiness far more bitter than "marital infidelity," for the reason that the issues involved are more important, being nothing less than the urge of consciousness to make new conquests—to push back that movable threshold which separates the four-dimensional from the three-dimensional world: "the world of the wondrous" from the familiar world of every-day. Although this next evolutionary step cannot be prevented, it can be delayed; and the skeptical, intolerant, dictatorial attitude towards "delphic" woman is a fertile cause of this delay.

This term "delphic woman" may need explaining to readers unfamiliar with my book of the title. It means such women of the modern world as are endowed with faculties and powers like those women of the ancient Hellenic world who ministered to the oracle at Delphi—who, in an entranced state, gave utterance to those admonitions, advices, prophecies, to which the rulers of that world paid reverend heed. The fact that the "messages" of these modern pythonesses, obtained through clairvoyance, clairaudience, trance, automatic writing are often unreliable, silly, and pretentious, militates nothing against the importance of the phenomenon, which indicates that some fountain has been here unsealed, even though the waters of it be muddy. How could they be anything else under existing conditions?—conditions of ignorance, blind skepticism, or equally blind credulity, of suspicion of everything emanating from a source which is itself suspect. It is small wonder that this "news from nowhere" is distored, as are images in agitated water, but the whole thing cannot be dismissed as nonsense, nevertheless.

It should be remembered that the pythoness has been a known and accepted type although a rare one, in every age except this and she has been treated with reverence and respect.

Today when one of them makes her appearance she is in imminent danger of being incarcerated in a madhouse on the advice of alienists to whom inspiration and insanity seem the same. But the number of these women is so multiplying beyond all measure, that this attitude of mind is becoming increasingly untenable, and soon must suffer change, if not reversal. Astrologers would say that this is because we have entered the Aquarian cycle, which is the woman's era, but there is no necessity of bringing in astrology: look at the facts:

Throughout Anglo-Saxondom woman, having achieved political and economic freedom, is taking her place beside man in business and administrative life denied to her heretofore. Never before have there been women parliamentarians and cabinet members, but the phenomenon to which I am calling attention is most clearly marked in another field altogether: almost without exception the leaders of the great crusades have been women: Florence Nightingale, Anna Bonus Kingsford, Mary Baker Eddy Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, Annie Besant, to mention only a few.

To Olive Shriner, in one of her recorded visions, modern woman appeared in the semblance of a camel, struggling painfully to rise to its feet in order to undertake a long and necessary journey. I read this in *Dreams.* Years ago, before I knew any sibylline women, and their tragic predicament, but only now have I come to perceive the devastating aptness of the allegory. For who shall restore to the world compassion and heart-wisdom? By whom shall we be delivered from the cannibalism of the mind? Delphic woman could do this, and none other, but like the camel of the fable, she is too feeble and too heavily burdened, lacking the aid and understanding of men and women of good-will.

"ARISE, SHINE, FOR THY LIGHT HATH COME!"

Discontent

By P. P. SARADHI, B.A., B.L.

DISCONTENT is defined in the Oxford Dictionary, as an "unsatisfied state of mind," "consciousness of grievances". The feeling as here described or defined is only of a passive nature. The concept given is of a state merely of the mind. No mental state however can come into existence without its concomitant effect on the emotions. Whether it is a sense of beatitude or anger or urge to burst into action or sadness, it is all the same the result of impressions on the mind. Discontent belongs more to the realm of emotions than that of the mind. The mind starts the game and the heart throbs with the emotions of one kind or the other. A psychiatrist would find some reaction of a man of discontent on the heart-beat, if not also on the temperature of the blood. Another aspect which to me is obvious is discontent is never felt so long as one is contented with his lot ; but if one is never contented ; *he is always discontented.* He is morose and moroseness prolonged breeds dislike to humanity. He becomes a misanthrope. Discontent is not a proper attribute to such a person. His is a malady worse than a mere state of dissatisfaction. Of a shorter duration than discontent is probably ' Fret '. We say "fret and fume ". That arises more suddenly and disappears sooner than a state of discontent. When there is a break of continuity of state or condition, that causes an outburst of ' fret and fume.' It is gnawing and painful.

The individual that makes a hell of himself invokes curses on everything and everybody on every imaginary cause, real or unreal. He feels then, as if, things *were never right.* It is a terrible weakness contributing to his unhappiness. The ulterior cause for this phenomenon is, *man is foolish enough* to suppose that a set of conditions and circumstances which he finds would and is bound to continue indefinitely, or till atleast he is so much satiated, that he no more wants them. The *second cause* is, man is unwilling and even hostile to make suitable adjustments. *The third* is he is wanting in ready resources to do so even if he has a mind to do so. However much prescience and precaution can provide for all contingencies, accidents are unavoidable. Eg.-Electric lights would suddenly fail ; money would disappoint us, guests invited may not turn up in time, or the host may have an unexpected call making the guest wait. Frets on such occasions would wear out one's nerves and strength. Similarly in the greater sense of

attainment of satisfaction, the only remedy is, to minimise the wants and *secondly* cultivate an equanimous attitude at all conditions and say "let them come" and if they go " say let them go" if you canno t help it ; and do not brood over it ever afterwards. This attitude is needed in these quick-changing times, *when the coefficient of stability is at a low ebb.* No economic principle is sounder than creating a confidence in the public, that while the bare minimum of requirements of life are safeguarded, they are easily capable of adjustments to suit such changing circumstances. Trade speculations, company booms, and idealogies of eccentric type, are shooting up, and it is wisdom, that one should be wary of them, if one should avoid risks of losing balance.

It should however be the duty of society and the state which exists for the happiness of the society that there should be a decent living provided for all. " When decent living " says President Thomas G. Masaryk " ceases in a country when a people no longer have contentment of soul as well as of pocket, that people will surely go under ".

Meditation

By SRI SWAMI SIVANANDA

MEDITATION is of two kinds viz., concrete meditation and abstract meditation. In concrete meditation the Yogic student meditates on the form of the Lord, Lord Krishna, Lord Rama, Lord Siva, Lord Hari, Gayatri, or Devi. In abstract meditation he concentrates on one idea of God or Atma and avoids comparisons of memories and all other ideas. Concentration is fixing the mind on a point or object, either internal (in the body) or external (on any outside object). Meditation follows concentration.

Practise meditation in the early morning 4 to 6. This is the best time for the practice of meditation. Always choose that part of the day or night when your mind is clear and when you are least likely to be disturbed. You can have a sitting just before retiring to bed. The mind will be calm at this time. You can have good meditation on Sundays, because this is a holiday and the mind is free. Do vigorous meditation on Sundays. You can have good meditation when you live on milk and fruits or fruits alone or when you fast. Use your common-sense always and try to bring good out-turn in meditation.

You will be able to enter into deep meditation only if you lead a moral life. When you have led the moral life, you may try further to build up discrimination and the other steps in your mind. You can cultivate the mind in concentration and can finally devote yourself to meditation. The more you lead the moral life, the more you meditate, the greater likelihood will there be for you to enter into Nirvikalpa Samadhi which can liberate you from the round of births and deaths and can confer on you enternal Bliss and Immortality.

To practise meditation or contemplation in a mind unprepared by non-adherence to the moral precepts is like building a house on a rotten foundation. You may practise meditation for many years but you will not realise any tangible result or fruit, if you have no ethical foundation. Therefore mental purity through ethical training is of paramount importance if you wish to achieve successs in meditation and Samadhi. Before you attempt to practise meditation, you must lead the necessary correct moral life. You must have the necessary right understanding. Then only you will have sanguine success in meditation. Much more time is required in the preparation of the mind for meditation than for the actual practice.

The mind is a mischievous imp. It is like a jumping monkey. It must be disciplined daily. Then it will gradually come under your control. It is only by the practical training of your mind that you can prevent bad thoughts and actions from arising and recurring. It is only by the practical training of your mind that you can encourage good thoughts and actions to arise and can maintain them when they have arisen.

Just as you require food for the body, so also you require in the shape of prayers, japa, Kirtan, meditation, etc., food for the soul. Just as you are agitated when you do not get the food in time, so also you will be agitated when you do not pray in the morning and evening at the proper time if you keep up the practice of prayer and japa for some time. The soul also wants its food at the proper time. The food for the soul is more essential than the food for the body. Therefore do your prayers, japa and meditation regularly.

If you do not clean a plate daily, it will lose its lustre. It is the same with the mind too. The mind becomes impure if it is not kept clean by the regular practice of meditation. Meditation removes the dross of the mind in an effective manner. Therefore practise meditation in the early morning regularly.

When you sit for meditation thoughts of your friends and office work, memory of conversation that took place in the previous evening with your friends and relatives will disturb your mind and cause distraction. You will have to withdraw the mind again, cautiously from these extraneous wordly thoughts and fix it again and again in your Lakshya or point. You will have to disregard and ignore the worldly thoughts. Be indifferent. Do not welcome these thoughts. Say within yourself: "I do not want these thoughts. I have nothing to do with these thoughts". They will vanish gradually.

The external objects are continuously acting upon the brain. The sense impressions reach the brain through sense-avenues and produce mental stimuli. Now you are conscious of the external objects. Consciousness may be caused by an awakening either by an external stimulus i. e., a stimulus from a sense-impression or an internal stimulus through memory. Each simple sense-impression is a highly, complex bundle of afferent stimuli. "Afferent stimuli" mean stimuli that are carried from outside towards the brain. A stimulus is an awakening in the substratum of the mind. The associations of awakenings which arise from a single sense-impression are very complex.

When you meditate disregard the substratum awakenings in the mind that arise out of the senses. Avoid carefully the comparisons with all other cross reference and memories of ideas. Concentrate the whole energy of the mind on the one idea of God or Atma itself without any comparison with any other idea.

Avoid all other sense-impressions and ideas. Prevent the complications that arise out of correlated action in the substratum of the mind. Abstract the mind and the one idea alone. Shut out all other process of mentation. Now the whole mind will be filled with the one idea only. Nishta will ensue. Just as the recurrence or repetition of a thought or action leads to perfection of that thought or action, so also does recurrence of the same procession, the same idea lead to the perfection of abstraction, concentration and meditation.

Watch your mind always very carefully. Be vigilant. Do not allow waves of irritability, jealousy, anger, hatred, lust to rise from the mind as they are enemies of meditation, peace and wisdom. Suppress them immediately by entertaining sublime, divine thoughts. Evil thoughts that have arisen may be destroyed by originating good thoughts and maintaining them by repeating any Mantra or name of the Lord, by thinking on any form of the Lord, by practice of Pranayam, by singing the Names of the Lord, by doing good action, by dwelling on the misery that arises from evil thoughts, by abstracting the mind, by analysing the origin of the thoughts, by enquiry of " Who am I?" or by the force of the will resolving to suppress the evil thought. When you attain the state of purity, no evil thoughts will arise in your mind. Just as it is easy to check the intruder or enemy at the gate, so also it is easy to overcome an evil thought as soon as it arises. Nip it in the bud. Do not allow it to strike deep root.

Do not cause pain or suffering to any living being from greed, selfishness, irritability, annoyance. Give up anger or ill-will. Give up the spirit of fighting, heated debates. Do not argue. If you quarrel with anybody, you cannot meditate for three or four days. Your balance of mind will be upset. Much energy will be wasted in useless channels. The blood will become hot. The nerves will be shattered. You must try your utmost to keep a serene mind always. Meditation can proceed from a serene mind only. A serene mind is a valuable spiritual asset for you.

You must practise austerity of speech if you really want to attain quick progress in meditation. You must always speak sweet loving words. You must speak truth at any cost. You

must not speak any harsh word or any indecent word that is calculated to hurt the feelings of others. You should weigh well your words before they are spoken. You must speak a few words only. This is austerity of speech or Vak Tapas that will conserve energy and give you peace of mind and inner strength.

There are different kinds of meditation. A particular kind is best suited to a particular mind. The kind of meditation varies according to taste, temperament, capacity and type of mind of the individual. A devotee meditates on his tutelary diety or Ishta Devata. A Raja Yogi meditates on the special Purusha or Ishwar who is not touched by the afflictions, desires and Karmas. A Hatha Yogi meditates on the Chakras and their presiding deities. A Gnani meditates on his own Self or Atma. You will have to find out yourself the kind of meditation that is suitable for you. If you are not able to do this, you will have to consult a teacher or preceptor who has attained self-realisation. He will be able to know the nature of your mind and the correct method of meditation for you.

When you enter into deep meditation, you will have no consciousness of your body or surroundings. You will have equanimity of mind. You will not hear any sounds. There will be stoppage of up-going and down-going sensations. The consciousness of egoism also gradually will vanish. You will experience inexplicable joy and indescribable happiness. Gradually reasoning and reflection also will cease.

There are many valuable trainings of the mind which are essential to mental culture, for instance, the training of the memory, the cultivation of reflection, discrimination, vichar or enquiry of "Who am I?". The practice of meditation itself is a potent clarifier of the memory. The practice of memory-culture powerfully helps the attainment by meditation.

A Yogi who meditates regularly has a magnetic and charming personality. Those who come in contact with him are much influenced by his sweet voice, powerful speech, lustrous eyes, brilliant complexion, strong healthy body, good behaviour, virtuous qualities and Divine nature. Just as a grain of salt dropped in a basin of water dissolves and becomes distributed throughout the whole water, just as sweet fragrance of jasmine pervades the air, so also his spiritual aura becomes infiltrated to the minds of others. People draw joy, peace and strength from him. They are inspired by his speech and get elevation of mind by mere contact, with him.

You will have to pass through six stages of meditation and finally you will enter into perfect Nirvikalpa Samadhi or superconscious state. From perception and reflection, perception will

totally vanish. There is neither meditation nor meditated now. The meditator and the meditated have become one. You will attain now highest knowledge, eternal and supreme peace. This is the goal of life. This is the aim of existence. This is the final beatitude of life. You are an established sage or illumined Jivanmukta now. You are liberated while living. Hence you are called a Jivanmukta. You are absolutely free from pain, sorrow, fear, doubt and delusion. You have become identical with Brahman. The bubble has become the ocean. The river has joined the ocean and has become the ocean. All differences and distinctions will totally vanish. You will experience "I am the Immortal Self. All indeed is Brahman. There is nothing but Brahman".

St. Columba

Confrontation or What is Evil ?

By THE Rev. F. H. ALDHOUSE, M.A.

The monks disputed " what may Evil be ? "
" The power of good reversed," said one " is he ".
" Nay " said another " 'tis in Nature's source "
" It is to man and life a hostile force ".
Another said " He is but born of thought
Without our thinking, evil is as naught ".
Then spoke Columba " I go forth to find
Is he a person, force, or made by mind ".
He learned 'tis half-our-self which in us dwells
Men build within their hearts their heavens—and hells.

St. Columba stood, wooden pastoral staff in hand, beneath a sky black with thunder and uttered the *Invocation of Power* :—

" By the height of the heaven "
" By deeps of earth and sea "
" By the strength to us given "
" By God the Trinity "
" I invoke thee and cry "
" Be thou here, come thou nigh "
" O Son of mystery ."

And as he finished the clouds were rent apart and the darkness turned to a momentary fearful clarity of lightning, and the rocks trembled beneath the crash of thunder. The Saint himself recoiled awestruck for a moment at the instantaneous answer to his own imperious call. For, as if in an invisible mirror only known to be present by its visible reflection were there, he saw standing facing him an exact reproduction of *himself*.

" Satanas ?" he asked almost in a whisper. " Sir ," the other Columba answered " you called me. I never hide myself from those who seek me with earnest desire. What would you ?" The Saint had recovered himself. " Why are you my Enemy, and God's ?" he demanded. " Brother ," he was answered " I am one of your builders. If the blows of the maul and the cutting of the chisel vex the stone let it none the less reflect that the beauty of the image which lies unborn within it can alone in this wise be brought out into the day. I am in fact an artificer ." " Liar, and father of lies " the Saint replied angrily " you are the ancient Evil, the enemy of God and of all *His* good creation. You have neither part or lot in me. Why are you the source of all sorrow,

all pain, the bringer of death. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in sorrow till it shall be delivered into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. You are fighting a losing battle. Why not surrender now to that Power which will most surely cast you down in chains of darkness in the end, however long your resistance maybe." "Reflect Brother," his double answered him "how much you say is from your own observation and how much from old women's tales, whether written or spoken. Could I exist a moment if He in Whose name you speak so confidently did not so permit and devise? I tell you, in spite of your discourtesy, that I am an artificer. So I am. I am energy, I test everything; where there is a weakness I detect it. If it is remediable let it be remedied. If not, the whole work must be remade. Think you the Maker will blame me for shewing how good can be retained and bad removed? A critic if an honest one deserves thanks. I am no doubt to Him of Whom you speak the Opposite. I am the dark line in a drawing, the shadow of the Sun, the pain that reveals the height that Bliss can reach. I am the full stop in a story, ending it where it should end. I am the deep peace, the heart of the hawk as he strikes your namesake the dove. This leaf of bent is what you see it because it grows against the pull of gravity of the whole wide world." "You delight in wickedness" the Saint cried. "What is that?" the opponent answered, "that which you dislike doubtless. It would be a most imbecile world had you the making of it and if you could banish me. That jelly-fish, if it could not sting, would be like you, just a drifter through a sea of vapid indolence—a growthless, mindless, purposeless thing. I am the Lightbringer, the Tester, the Liberator. I am your *other self*, Columba."

The white glare of the lightning illuminated the dreary scene. And from where the phantom-Columba had stood a shadow flitted, growing as it fled, till a cloak of darkness seemed to first wrap and then unwrap the heaven, and the storm drifted to the West. As Columba walked back to his sheiling a voice seemed to speak within his heart:

"When your two selves shall be one
Fate's web will be full-spun.
Light and darkness till then must be
With Life and Death a mystery.
God's two hands, the left and right,
Build the Worlds for His delight.
As for you, the Law is still
Do the good and not the ill."

"A great shadow seemed to fly from the rock you stood on. It passed us by and fled over the stormy sea. It seemed a living

thing, Father. What was it ? " a culdee asked the Saint when he returned. St. Columba crossed himself. "I can only say this, brother. I have seen strange and terrifying things to-night. God's thoughts, or his ways are our ways. As the heaven is higher than the earth so are His thoughts higher than our thoughts and His ways higher than our ways. As to the shadow you saw, which passed,

" 'Twas Satan, son of mystery.
And since God suffers him to be,
He is his servant too, as we,
And labours for some good,
By us not understood."

"Let us worship the King-of-the-elements and continue to do good and war against evil; for that is meet, right and our bounden duty. None the less, light and darkness, heat aad cold, summer and winter, life and death alike fulfil the will of Him Who is the All, and shall create for Him, at the end of all the days, Perfection."

Nicholas Roerich

A Master of the Mountains.

By BARNETT D. CONLAN.

(Continued from January issue.)

BY his activities in America, his tireless creation of fine work, and his stage decorations for almost all the great operas of modern times Roerich might be considered to have a place among the titans of Art, for he has an output approaching that of Rubens, Titian, Turner or Hokusai.

It was not until he set out for Asia, however, that the unique character of his genius began to find scope for its full expression and then on an unprecedented scale.

Other well known explorers — Dr. Sven Hedin, Prjevalski, Kozlov, Aurel Stein, Paul Pelliot Bacot and Young-husband had ventured through Mongolia, Tibet, and parts of Inner Asia, but however valuable and unique their work of exploration may have been all, but a few of them, went there and returned as foreigners.

Roerich seems from the very first to have had the conviction that he was ' at home', and he and his cultured family, who not only speak the language of the Lamas but understand them intuitively were received as few others have ever been.

As an explorer he succeeded where others failed, and there is no doubt that the spirit in which he entered these countries had much to do with his success.

Asia is above all things spiritual, and those who venture into these mysterious parts are spiritually controlled, whether they know it or not.

Roerich did not enter Asia with the intention of merely collecting information, nor did he go there as an invader or intruder, but rather as an Asiatic, perhaps as a Lama who finds himself back again in " his own country ".

The Siberian writer George Grebenstchikoff who has written so knowingly and sympathetically of the Roerichs, assures us that on his mother's side Roerich is descended from an ancient Russian family, the Kalashnikovs, who were of Mongolian origin, moreover he adds:

"There was nothing therefore, surprising in the fact that Mongols from Ordos, as I have been told, seeing Roerich, took him for one of themselves."

Let us hope that they did, for, in an urbanized world where everything is becoming stereotyped and subject to mechanized utilitarianism, Mongolia, like Tibet, remains one of the few countries where a sense of living poetry and mystery still exist, and where, as Roerich himself tells us — "The people possess great knowledge and spirituality."

In his march across Asia, Roerich discovered an unprecedented wealth of subject matter which it has fallen to the lot of few artists to behold.

His paintings of Mongolia and Tibet can be counted by the hundreds and it is curious to see how these mysterious landscapes are adapted to his style, how well his style is able to reveal for us the rare beauty of these regions.

Perhaps there could be no stronger proof of the Asiatic character of the Russian genius than these remarkable paintings.

They are, as it were, the continuation of all his previous work, of his scenery and settings to many an opera, of his rendering of Russian folk-lore and legend, of those paintings which depict the temples and minarets of many an ancient Russian city.

In that fascinating series "Sanctuaries and Citadels", in those shrines and fortified temples overhanging the precipices of Tibet, and in the hill towns of the Himalaya, we meet with the settings of many a Russian ballet and opera which the artist had conceived more than 20 years before.

It would seem then, as if his giant march across Asia was an advance into the country of his own imagining, into those regions which his inner vision had perceived almost from the time he began to paint.

Almost all the work acheived by Roerich in Asia is an illustration of that fine saying of Plotinus: "It is a faculty of the soul corresponding to this Beauty which recognises it." For the soul of this great painter is Asiatic and no one since the great masters of Ancient China disappeared has done so much to wake the hidden beauties of Asia.

It has been said that colour is the language of the gods. It is certainly the language in which Roerich has evoked the gods of Asia. There is, moreover, somewhere a saying of ancient India that: "The deeper the nature of the thought we wish to express the more it ought to be steeped in the fire of colour."

In these great canvases we shall find a world of thought which is far deeper than that generally met with in painting, and he has taken care that, like light, it should dawn upon us through the finest colours.

And colour is perhaps the most striking feature in all his work, its hall mark, so to speak, its particular distinction. It is natural that this should be so for colour is a sign of joy and vitality, of health and virtue. It is the garment of beauty, the sign of youth, the symbol of spring-time and the impetus to all fresh enthusiasms and beginnings.

It is of the nature of fire and of flowers, of the fire of thought and the flower of thought, and it is all this because it is an emanation of Light.

It is significant that the two great masters of colour Titian and Turner were men of extraordinary health and vitality. The first continued to put forth an uninterrupted succession of masterpieces, until ninety-nine years of age; the second was constantly going on foot for thousands of miles across Europe and produced something like twenty thousand pictures and drawings.

Roerich by his continuous output, his untiring energy and, above all, by his wealth of colour is of the family of these great creators.

It would be difficult to find a parallel among modern colourists, and perhaps quite unnecessary, since Roerich, in all he represents, is unique, incomparable.

Gaugin perhaps, in some ways approaches him because he also ventured into unknown lands, employed both Eastern and Western methods and was a master of colour, but it is in Asia that we can best discover his like.

Some years ago I was fortunate enough to examine a valuable collection of works from Turkestan. There I beheld hieratic splendours and a knowledge of the mysteries of colour which the West, perhaps, has hardly ever realized.

There is much of this in Roerich, whose work, from the point of colour perhaps has often more affinity with that of ancient Turkestan than with modern art.

However this may be, the fact remains that for many years he has been located in Central Asia working, at times, alongside the Lama painters of the temples near Tibet, rather than with the specialists of Montparnasse.

At first sight the dazzling character of his mountain masses seems almost theatrical, but on examination we discover that this brilliant coloring is the outcome of close concentration and a remarkable observation of Nature, seen from heights where the atmosphere has a purity never met with here below.

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It would be very unwise to judge of Roerich's work off hand and only after a slight acquaintance. Neither the plastic elements of the composition, the colour scheme, or the psychological expression can be estimated from a rapid glance.

It took the painter Henri Matisse 37 years to fully explore all the aesthetic values in one of Cezanne's large compositions, and I have come to the conclusion that in order to really appreciate all the values in much of Roerich's work it might take as long, although the reasons for this are of quite a different order.

There are many who might consider that life is too short for such an understanding, but these are the people who do not care for Art. Fortunately, however, there are not a few who are delighted to know that such rich mines of the spirit lie all about us only waiting for our quarrying.

Without the treasures left us by the great Artists, by Bach, Beethoven and Moussorgsky, by Titian, Turner and Roerich, life would be incomparably poorer and deprived of much beauty.

This alone makes Roerich's movement on behalf of Culture a flash of inspiration, a work of genius, for, as time goes on it will be seen that this is the way, perhaps the only way, of raising this world's aspirations and desires so as to deal with its evils at the root.

In many of those large canvases in which Roerich depicts some episode from the life of a saint, a mountain hermit or some great Lama, he is evidently telling a story and ninety-nine people out of a hundred will be interested in what he represents.

But the same may be said of almost any large picture by Poussin or Rubens, both of whom knew how to satisfy the public interest on this score, and, at the same time, build with their subject a wonderful architecture from balanced forms of light and shade and rhythmic patterns that would satisfy the most exacting critic of style.

The modern attitude, therefore, which tends to look upon the subject matter of a picture as something negligible is, as we have explained, a form of reaction.

On the whole it has done a great deal of good, for it has concentrated the attention of artists and critics alike on the real values of a work of Art, rather than upon the fictitious values that arise from the subject and its associations.

In short it has helped to draw a sharp line of distinction between Art and illustration.

Raphael, however, is an instance of how the subject of a work of art may be of vital importance.

No one who is inwardly alive can look upon his famous cartoons without a feeling of ' malaise ', the feeling that something is not altogether right.

This ' something ' is the subject or rather our reaction to it.

Our interest in the story of these cartoons is not perhaps a very lively one with the result that we derive a dry stereotyped impression which chills us and leaves us indifferent.

If we make abstraction of the subject, as a modern artist or critic would do, we shall find that our interest will be greatly increased.

One might imagine that Raphael himself was moved very little by the nature of his subject, and one has only to glance at one of his fine portraits to see the difference between the influence of a dead subject and a living subject.

There is much of this sort of thing in Art, and every-one with a sense of living beauty must recognize that a translation of Greek tragedy, Roman casts, the subject of many of Poussin's works, and such dramas as Racine's Britannicus are, after all, things that leave us rather chill and indifferent.

When we turn to Roerich's great canvas — The Commands of Rigden Djapo — we get quite another impression. Even if we do not at first understand the subject of this remarkable picture, we are immediately drawn to it and although we may not grasp all the aesthetic values which it contains nevertheless we react to them.

The subject matter of much in Poussin and Raphael was probably more or less obsolete in interest, during their lifetime. Today it has a fossilized character which is hardly saved by a consummate technique.

In Roerich's work, however, the Future looms large. There is no danger that the subject matter will seem obsolete in a century from now, on the contrary, it may take some time before the West recognizes its real significance.

Founded upon the Tibetan legend of Shambala, it shows the royal Lama, Rigden Djapo, King of Shambala, giving his messengers their instructions.

The King, a figure of giant dimensions, is seated on his throne, in the heart of the mountain.

Around him two great aureoles of light cast their rays on the horsemen before him and throw the rest of the landscape into shadow.

This is the case, I think, where the plastic and illustrational qualities of a work of Art, are seen to be evenly balanced, a rare thing in art, and one which leading critics are only ready to discover in a few great painters like Rembrandt, Rubens, Titian, Raphael.

The picture which is built up largely from two tall mountains, situated among one of those endless valleys of Tibet, seems to me particularly interesting because the meaning transpires in great part from the technique.

The figure of this supreme Boddhisattva, who might be a great horseman or Siva himself the Central Energy, in his dancing form of Nataraja, is shown here as the heart of fire and dynamism. The aureoles of light which surround him have a gyratory movement which suggests an immense spiritual dynamo.

He imparts light and energy to his warlike disciples who start off immediately to battle with the darkness which overwhelms them so soon as they pass from his presence.

The mountain, at the heart of which he is seated, seems to undulate towards the left like a cone of white fire, and the second mountain which rears its mass of dark inertia in the opposite direction establishes the ciaroscuro and amplifies the gyratory movement.

The forms which have an almost sculptural quality seem chiselled out of the rock and this enhances the plastic expression of the whole composition.

When I first saw this picture it called up to my mind one of Rimsky's great operas, The City of Kitege—which may mean that there is some underlying rhythmic connection between the two works, the same sort of rhythmic wave length.

It certainly has many of the qualities of Russian music. Its rhythmic appeal is very great and the outline everywhere takes on that majestic movement which we associate with the shifting of great waters.

Between Poussin's work and this picture there is all the difference between the music of Gluck and that of Moussorgsky.

Like Russian music itself, its asymetric planning indicates an art which is nearer to that of the Orient than to the symetric art of a Gluck or Poussin.

Its rhythms show that ample and spontaneous beauty which we find in some of the great aspects of Nature. Through it we divine something of the spirit of Eschylus moving in that large free style which was discovered by Moussorgsky.

And the more we comtemplate this picture the more we think of Blake, for among all the great painters of the West, Blake, alone perhaps approaches art from the same plane as Roerich.

He was a visionary who received revelations from another sphere and these he translated with equal facility into painting or poetry trusting to his inspiration to find the right expression.

Judged from the purely esthetic outlook he is not a master of technique in the sense that Roerich is. Probably most critics of the modern belief would class him with such artists as Redon and Gustave Moreau whom he resembled at times superficially.

His position, however, cannot be circumscribed by purely technical values, according to the exclusive methods of to-day, for there are too many unknown quantities in his work.

Standing alone amidst the narrow, uninspired and somewhat conventional society of his day, he towered up over all with the primordial grandeur of the Hebrew prophets and the great seers of Ancient India.

In the last half century he has done more than any other great writer or poet of the past to inspire the world of Art, and it is not certain yet whether his attitude to painting is not destined to influence the future.

There is a certain parallel perhaps between Blake and Cezanne. Both men showed an almost religious devotion to art, both were isolated during a long lifetime, and yet their approach to art was almost opposed.

They had this in common ; both despised Art which was merely illustrational but, whereas Blake held painting to be an instrument of poetry and vision, Cezanne strove to eliminate these elements and to retain nothing but esthetic values.

Cezanne, by his lifelong sacrifice to pure esthetics, made one of the greatest discoveries in modern times ; namely, that plastic expression, when it is pursued far enough, can lead us to realize spiritual or imaginative values.

(To be continued).

Birth Centenary of J. N. Tata

By S. V RAMANUJAM

JAMSHET NUSSERVANJI Tata whose centenary of birth was celebrated on the 3rd of March was perhaps the greatest patriot India had ever produced. His name and work occupy an eminent place in the economic firmament of our country. He visualised that India depended upon her present for her economic upliftment rather than to her legendary past.

Jamshetjee was born on 3rd March 1839 in Navsari in Gujarat. He is said to have decended from a family of priests and at the age of 13 went to Bombay for his education. In 1855 he entered the Elphinstone College and left after four years' study to enter into his father's profession where a new education began for the industrial progress of India.

Mr. Tata's first voyage was to China in 1859 which resulted in the founding of the firm after his name and fortune. After two years he went to England to found an Indian Bank which failed consequent on a financial crash in Bombay. But his visit to England gave immense opportunity to test his powers of business. On his return to India he undertook contracts in connection with the Abyssinian war which put Tatas on a firm basis. In 1872 he visited England for the purpose of studying cotton industry in Lancashire. Tata's success in life was the patience of one's preliminary investigations to make any scheme successful. The result was the establishment of the Empress Mills in 1877 associated with the memorable occasion when Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India. In this enterprise, his pioneering spirit and originality of his mind dominated in the use of modern machinery, the purchase of materials, the sale of products and sympathetic treatment of labour.

He founded an Institute of science for research where the cream of intelligent young sons of India could explore the industrial possibilities of our country. The Institute of Science at Bangalore to-day is the pride of India's temple of Learning. It has come into the world with a definite purpose, viz., application of science to industry.

The next project was the erection of large industries in India. In the face of public disbelief and incredulity he determined to start a basic steel industry at Jamshedpur. The Tata

Iron and Steel Works at Jamshedpur stands to-day as a triumphant monument to Jamshetjee's foresight and wisdom. His friends who called it chimerical when he mooted the idea of a steel industry, now that he established it, called him genius, his work monumental and his achievement singular.

J. N. Tata was a nationalist to the core and had a will to dedicate himself to improve the economic conditions of the Indian masses. Charity was to him a business to improve the standard of living of the masses. He realised that much of poverty prevalent in India was due to want of opportunity. Thanks to the munificence of Tatas, about 25% of Indian students are members of the Indian Civil Service and some leading Engineers and doctors. His educational schemes served as good investments for the country. Jamshetjee once observed "Every Indian that gets into the Civil Service, I have calculated effects a saving to this country of 2 lakhs of rupees—that is what a civilian's pay, allowance and pension come to, most of which usually goes to Britain."

Moreover like all great men, he was not satisfied with these projects. Like an expert juggler he could keep half a dozen schemes in the air without stumbling or losing his touch. A dozen joint stock companies, on an aggregate capital of 27 crores, Banks, Engineering and Oil Companies, and a great hotel in Bombay—are perhaps the distinct contribution to India's economic and industrial history. Tata's optimism and perseverance to help and foster Indian industries was immense. His clarion call has been heard in Europe and elsewhere in the field of trade and industry. To-day Tatas give employment to over some lakhs of men and women, pay in wages and salaries some 5 crores a year and contribute some 2 crores to revenues of Government and railways. These figures speak for themselves, their importance in the economic conditions of the country.

His patriotism, courage and vision for an industrial India establish him among the immortals. Much has been written and said of his achievements but as man he was " a simple, modest gentleman, seeking neither title nor place and loving with a love that knew no bounds in the country that gave his birth ". Jamshetjee was a genius and his inspired voice is a trumpet call of Indian industry to-day.

Current Comments

By AN OBSERVER

Buddhistic Nunneries in Japan. A correspondent gives a graphic and 'eye-witness' account of the organization and modes of life prevalent among the nuns of the 'Jodo' sect of Buddhists in Japan, in a recent issue of the *Bombay Chronicle.* The picture shows to what intensive extent the Buddhistic spirit has permeated in the land. The Jodo sect, which must be distinguished from the more puritanical Zen sect, has 7000 temples in Japan, of which 300 are nunneries. The latter are organized in the same manner as monasteries, and have distinct dioceses under them. The Jodo nuns are not so meditative as the Zen ones, but pay more attention to prayers and practical works. The Jodo temple has as its foremost adjunct a corridor through which the pilgrim has to go, carrying with him a wooden rosary as a symbol of purification and resignation. It ends "in the pale light before a painting of Jizo, god of roads and passages". He is "wonderously painted in reds and greens, and his strange mouth with its traditional weeping corners seemed to smile as he pointed towards the corridor which was covered on one side by the *Sambukyo Sutra* and on the other with prayers". Another adjunct of the Jido nunnery is a gallery of 'ancestor tablets'. Then is situated 'the living wing of the nunnery'. The head abbess receives the pious visitor with solemn courtesy. A cushioned seat is offered, and a cup of tea as well. The abbess wears a robe with sleeves hanging to the floor. She wears purple, being but one step before the highest rank which is indicated by a robe of red colour. Seated on a cushion, she looks like part of a picture in an ancient scroll! Presently, her earthly womanly existence is indicated by her voice, and the visitor is recalled to this world of reality!

The author gives this graphic account of the juvenile novices to the monastery. "She was dressed in the regular serge uniform dress so common to Japanese school children. But her head had been shaved." The first hair-cutting is a big moment in the novice's life. "Such children are brought to the nunneries when they are from six to eight years of age. The abbess chooses from among the candidates and accepts the preferred ones from their parents who bring them through either devotion or need. The children thereafter are wards of the nunnery. They are sent to regular primary school and secondary primary school after which they go to Kyoto to the special nuns schools for members of the Jodo sect. This school is of higher standard than regular Government Middle Schools, and the girls learn, besides regular

subjects, the Buddhist Sutras and prayers, flower arrangement, and tea ceremony and rituals. They usually graduate at about twenty-one, and take their vows when they are about 22 or 23. Thus a nun has "nothing to say about her chosen profession". She knows no other life.

The daily life in the nunnery is a round of religious observances. It begins with 4 o'clock in the morning and a service in the temple. The latter lasts as long as two hours when there is need for special invocations as during the present war with China. Then comes breakfast, which is not so sparing as with the Zen nuns, meat and animal products being taboo except for reasons of health. Some time is then devoted to the study of newspapers. Luncheon is the next item, followed by visits to such parishoners as desire to have prayers said in their homes, — for it is the prayers that heal mankind from the ills, bodily and mental—and they are resorted to even during the afternoons up to 5 o'clock. Though leading a secluded life, the nuns are not completely shut off from the world. They are allowed to pay long visits to their homes.

The nunneries are maintained out of parishioners' donations and of grants from the head-quarters of the Jodu sect. They are not so numerous at Tokyo as elsewhere. The vast majority are in the Kwansai, and were founded centuries back when Buddhism was at the zenith of its power. One of the Tokyo nunneries is associated with Princess Fusimi of the imperial family. In her resignation she deserted her royal home and "was adopted by Marquis Koga so she could become a nun. Since the Meiji Restoration, members of the Imperial Family have not been allowed to become Buddhist monks or nuns. Before that time it was quite customary and the walls of many a Kyoto temples bear testimony to this fact by having the joining lines of the stone walls which surround the temple painted white. Princess Fusimi became the head abbess of the sect and her picture, hanging in her former room, shows her clothed in scarlet. The room was as simple as that of the other nuns, but private, for the rest sleep in community quarters. The only indication that she was royal lies in the fact that the 'tatami' of the room is slightly raised about that of the surrounding rooms."

The Japanese nuns, points out the writer, possess, when they reach the ripeness of age and wisdom, a gentle dignity and 'a poise of spiritual security' which indicates a spirit of sincere resignation,

New Archaeological Finds in the Punjab. Dr. C. L. Fabri, the head of the archaeological excavators of the Punjab Exploration Find, has brought to light fresh materials of history in the

old mound of Surkhanooli Ahli (near Devanpura) where the remains of a Mughal city of the times of Muhammad Shah and Ahmad Shah were recently revealed by the same party. As the result of further digging, a second town has been discovered, from the coins and collapsed walls of which it has been surmised to have belonged to the time of Shajahan and his immediate predecessors. "The interesting fact about this city of the 17th century is, that it has been destroyed by a great conflagration, as testified by walls entirely burnt, and large quantities of ash and coal found all over the area; subsequently the usual floods came and completed the destruction. Notwithstanding this havoc created by man and nature, a very large number of antiquities of great interest have been unearthed; these include numerous pieces of household pottery, glass bangles of great delicacy, glass finger rings, iron tools and ornaments, coins, fragments of silver objects, and some pieces of leather and cloth, giving a welcome picture of the life and material culture of ordinary provincial citizens of the Moghul period".

Hoping that, by further excavation, the remains of still earlier times might be found, the excavators carried their spades to a further depth of 9 feet, and were rewarded with the ruins of a third city which belonged to two or three centuries further back. A number of domestic objects, coins of the early Muslim period, glazed pottery imported from Iran and belonging to dates ranging from the 9th to the 14th centuries, were discoverd. The most interesting of these relics is said to be a potsherd " used as a kind of exercise tablet by some one begining to learn Arabic writing." In this unique tablet, which has not been found in any other site, the Arabic letters and numerals are said to " have been written one under the other, disconnectedly, very much in the fashion in which a child would be taught to copy characters."

Col. Donald S. Rockwell. The impressions of this American author and traveller, who is the Director-general of the Asiatic Research Expedition, which have appeared in the press, are interesting for the fact that he is a messenger of harmony and good will among humanity, rather than a slanderer and radiator of poison. He has felt the 'indescribable' charm of the Indian panorama of scenery and art. Even more than its scenic attractions, historic monuments and archaeological treasures, says he, he has been attracted by the generous hospitality of its people. At Madura he was impressed not only by the vast and shadowy realm of its magnificent temple, but by the beauty and sincerity of the Hindu modes of worship and religious observances. In Hyderabad he was indescribably impressed by the mystery

brooding over the ancient city viewed across the rock jungle from the Banjara Hill and by the *Char Minar* which 'symbolises the heart of old Hyderabad in the centre of the teeming bazars'. In Mysore he saw the historic pageantry of the *Dasara* and 'that fairyland of light and water', the *Nava Brindaban*. 'a veritable Versailles of India'. Col. Rockwell regards the amazing sculptured caves of Ajanta and Ellora as 'outstanding among the many marvels of India'. He was struck, in the midst of his studies of the architectural and cultural lines, by the beauty of the Indian domestic life, and the responsiveness of all classes of people—students, workers, professional novices—to the needs of progress. Above the glamour of temples, palaces, forts, mosques and tombs, he points out, there is the attraction of the faith in the capacity of the country to achieve industrial self-efficiency, linguistic and sartorial standardisation, and artistic ranaissance. Col. Rockwell was particularly struck with the specimens of truly talented modern Indian Art which rival the old Moghul masters, combining the rich heritage of their colour harmonies with modern technique.

Early Muslim Numismatics. Mr. K. N. Dikshit, the Director-general of Archaeology, has added to the numismatic lore of India by his studies of the coins of Sultan Mahmud of Ghazni. Though an iconoclast, Sultan Mahmud showed a rare political acumen in introducing into his coins legends which, though Arabic in subject matter, were quite Indian in script and language. He had the Arab expressions translated into Sanskrit ones which are characterised at once by a literal-ness and an ultra-orthodox tone. The name *Alla*, for example, is translated into *Avyakta*; *Rasul* into *avatara*; *Bismalla-zard* into *Avyaktiya-name hato* or struck in the name of God. In certain coins of the date of 419 of the Hejira Era there is found the inscription *ayam tanikam Mahamuda-pura ghate hato*, meaning that 'this coin was struck at the *ghatta* (mint) of Mahmud-pura'. A word after *hata* has been read as *jinyano* or *Jaina-ayana*, which literally means the *passing away of the Jina* and which was evidently intended to denote the *Hejira* of Muhamma. The application of the term *Jina* to the Prophet is eloquent of the spirit which inspired the advisers of the earliest of the Muslim invaders of India. They seem to have been more broadminded than some of the so-called 'Dravidian' scholars of the present day!

The Kathakali. In a recent contribution to the *Dharmarajya* Mr. H. Srinivas gives an eloquent description of the charm and charateristics of the Malabar *Kathakali* which is at once a folk-dance and dramatic art. He emphasises the fact that it has preserved some of the purest traditions of the Hindu *Nritya*; that

its histrionic system or pantomime is based on ' the symbolic and suggestive gestural code of the *Bharata-natya'.* Its gestures, he points out, are deeply meaning-ful as well as symbolic. They are not vague or mysterious, but capable of being visualised as the most logical and appealing movements of rhythm. They are both subjective and objectively mindful of the personal and scenic environments. They are pure, deep and subtle unlike modern dances. Their accompaniments are simple, and their themes *puranic* and sacred. The art is confined to the male sex, the female parts being played by dressed-up men ; and the dress is singularly distinctive, -- consisting of the close jacket. and skirt, elaborate crowns and make-up of the face, fantastic but magnificent and lively. The orchestra accompanying the performance is simple, the ensemble consisting of two vocalists singing alternatively and an assortment of drums and cymbols indicating the principal periods and movements; but in contrast to this simplicity is the amazing wealth of dramatic technique. "And what dances; — one gesture leading up to another that represents the very pictorial splendour, the poetic sublimity blazing out a Divine spirit! The language of gestures is eloquent and wonderful. There are 600 *mudras* or gestures—signs in common use in *Kathakali.* The movements of *Kathakali* dances are eloquent of dignity and vigour. In the most real sense a *Kathakali* performance is an art of beauty — a beauty of the austere type, rarely to be found in the modern dance. The performance had better be witnessed than described — it is a rich heritage of Malabar."

Aggressive Hinduism. The Golden Lotus temple completed by Swami Yogananda, the founder of the Self-realisation Fellowship Society of America, which is affiliated with his *Yogoda Satsanga Society of India*, Encinitoes, California, is typical of the triumph which Hinduism began to achieve in fields far and near from the time of the dynamic saint Swami Vivekananda. The temple is said to be beautiful on account of its situation on a hill by the sea, its new golden lotus design, and its non-sectarian and cosmopolitan character. On its extensive roof, over which rises a four-storeyed glass tower over-looking the sea, students can sit and meditate in direct touch with the sky and direct sight of the sea. *The Temple of All Religions* is symbolical, like its golden lotuses lit by the sun or moon, of the all-comprehensiveness and beauty of Hinduism: and by entering its portals man ceases to be a fanatic, and becomes a man in the real sense of the word. The sense of divinity transcends all sectarian prejudice, and within the all-embracing fold of the shrine man forgets the conflict which the militant missionary has sown in different parts of

the world. The statuettes of the world's prophets and saints inspire the meditative faculty as well as the fraternal sense of man, and the tower over the roof accommodates the advanced students of the Swami in yogic practice. The fruition of the fifteen years' labour of Paramahamsa Swami Yogananda is but a symbol of the incoming world-conquest of Hinduism,—a conquest not by missionary egotism or sectarian intolerance, but of the doctrine of fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man. It is the spirit which inspired the French author and journalist, M. Jean Herbert, when, in a recent address at Vizagapatam, he expressed himself in this language: "I believe the time has come when the Vedanta of India and the scientific advance and civilisation of the West should be merged together into one great truth to enable men to live together peacefully and happily and to rid humanity of the many ills, with which it is afflicted, and we must be quick about it." Indians, he observed, should guard themselves against cutting themselves away from their ancient moorings and falling headlong into the mealstorm of western civilization and technique. Western science has come to be prostituted, of late, to the vile purpose of the mutual destruction of mankind. It is Jean Herbert's conviction that the spiritual background lost in the west can be restored by the spirit and labour of India. Service, not competition, should be the motto of progress. The synthetic approach of life-problems, first promoted by the Theosophical Society and later in the Ramakrishna Mission, with its eternal message of harmony and good will, can alone save the world. The Vedanta of India and the scientific technique of the west should be merged together into one great truth in order that men may live together peacefully and happily. The danger of self-destruction in the west and the danger of undue westernisation in India could at once be avoided only by the chalking out of a synthesis of the best in each.

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The rainbows each of varied hue
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Are carolled by the Druid bird.

Whose magic singing bringeth Peace
To weary hearts that will not cease
And sky-blue waters softly croon
'Neath golden sun and silver moon.

The flowers of perfect artistry
Perfume the wind and charm the eye
There too the Fairy Dancers go
Treading their mazes to and fro.

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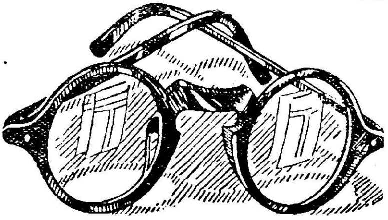

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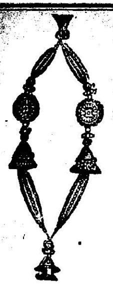

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